

PZ  
3  
.C808M

FT MEADE  
GenColl















# MNEOMI:

OR

## THE INDIAN OF THE CONNECTICUT.



*Mneomi puts Innocent to death for striking Mary Forrest.—See page 17.*

BY AUSTIN CORBIN, JR.

BOSTON:

GLEASON'S PUBLISHING HALL,

CORNER OF TREMONT AND COURT STREETS,

S. FRENCH, 293 Broadway, New York. A. WINCH, 116 Chestnut St. Philadela.

STRATTON & BARNARD, 121 Main Street, Cincinnati. D. JUNE, 273

Main St. Buffalo. WM. TAYLOR, Jarvis' Building, North St. Baltimore.

FLETCHER & SELLERS, Rue Champs Elysees, New Orleans.

1847.







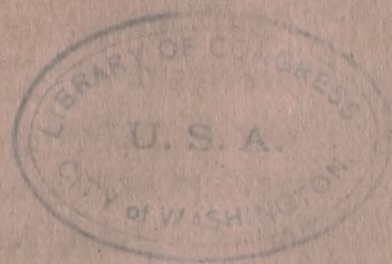
# MNEOMT:

OR, THE

INDIAN OF THE CONNECTICUT.

35

✓  
BY AUSTIN CORBIN, JR.



BOSTON:

GLEASON'S PUBLISHING HALL, CORNER OF TREMONT  
AND COURT STREETS.

1847.





PZ3  
C808M

MYEOMI:

MITE OMAI:

OF THE

INDIAN OF THE CONNECTICUT

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1846, by F. Gleason,  
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

1846



## MNEOMI:

OR, THE

## INDIAN OF THE CONNECTICUT.

## CHAPTER I.

It was a beautiful night in the month of June, in the year 17—. Not a breeze had been stirring, through the live-long day, to cool the feverish and excited brain, and when the sun having descended beneath the horizon, left the face of the earth free from its scorching rays, how gladly did both man and beast avail themselves of the cool evening breeze, as it floated sweetly along. The inhabitants, through the then thinly settled states, might be seen quietly seating themselves on the green grass plats before their rural cottages, and talking over old affairs, enjoying the pleasure of the cool evening air, as it rustled carelessly and calmly through the vales and wide spreading trees, while the lowing herds emerged from the bushes, where they had retired to shield themselves from the fiery orb of day, to indulge their appetites by nibbling the fresh grass, which they had been deprived of doing before, by the boiling atmosphere. It was already becoming quite dark, although not a cloud overshadowed the heavens, but the moon had not yet risen to light up the smoky darkness. But soon it came, scattering the smokes, which are so common in the New England States after a warm and sultry day, until they gradually dispersed before its enlivening rays. It had just began to ascend the sky in



brightness and beauty, when a female was seen to leave a beautiful cottage situated on the banks of that river, which was then and is now, considered the most beautiful stream in the United States, namely, the Connecticut. To appearance about seventeen summers had passed over her head, and her countenance bespoke her to be a maiden of true American stamp. I shall not attempt to describe her features, as it would be an almost endless task to trace upon paper all the beauties which graced her elegant person ; but let this suffice, that she was one of those sweet, red-faced girls that the stranger often sees as he journeys through the valley of the Connecticut, with the glow of health beaming from every feature. She was seen to pass through a small chestnut grove which lie between the cottage and the Connecticut. As she arrived at the little opening which bordered on the river, she seated herself upon a little knoll of grass which overlooked the water, and by her constant watching the opposite bank, she was evidently expecting some one to join her. And ever and anon, as the noisy fish mounted to the surface of the broad and beautiful stream, or the water-fowl floated majestically along with the current, her attention was immediately drawn to the spot, as she fancied she caught the sound of the light dipping oar, or the little canoe skimming smoothly and gracefully through the water. Many times was her gaze bent towards the sounds, and as many times did she resume her former position in despair. At length, however, a noise was heard, and upon looking up she perceived a little way off a boat, and skimming lightly toward the shore. She started up from her resting place and flew down the bank to the edge of the water, and while she is anxiously watching the progress of the little bark, let us take a brief survey of the boat and its contents.

It is a canoe, evidently of Indian manufacture, but modelled a little to suit the white man's taste. In it diligently plying the oars, is a young man, to appearance, about the age of twenty. He is a strong, robust looking fellow, with a countenance which although the sunny days of June have marked it with a complete brown, yet virtue, generosity and affection beam from every feature of his intelligent face. In the stern of the boat you may observe, crouched close to the bottom and watching every motion of the man, a large and beautiful dog, known then as an English mastiff. As the boat nears the shore, the dog seems to catch the eye of the maiden, and he bounds furiously to the fore part, ready, the moment it touches its destination, to leap clear of the canoe. In a moment the boat touches the shore, both



man and dog rush at once, as it were, to see which should greet his mistress first.

‘Down, Brave, down!’ cried the young man as the dog leaped furiously upon the beautiful form of the girl.

‘O, Edward,’ exclaimed the maiden as she threw herself passionately into the youth’s arms, ‘why did you tarry so long? I have been waiting ever since yonder moon commenced climbing the sky.’

‘Blame me not, Mary, blame me not,’ spoke the youth, pressing the lovely person of the maiden to his bosom, ‘business which you known not of, yet I trust will ere long, detained me from meeting you at the time appointed; but here I am safe, and we can enjoy each others society for a while, I trust.’

‘Heavens! Edward,’ cried the girl, ‘you are are pale! Why all this tremor and agitation, surely something must have happened to you?’

‘No, dearest, nothing, ’tis but the flush of toil, received by urging the boat across the current.’

‘No, no. There is, there must be something that troubles you. Why disguise any thing from me? Pour forth your sorrows freely, and trust me, dearest Edward.’

‘Surely, then, you are in the wrong. Why should I conceal any thing from you, Mary, why veil the truth in mystery? I have nothing to tell you.’

‘Nay, Edward, say not so, if there is nothing, why this agitation, this feverish excitement? I know—’

‘Hold, Mary,’ cried Edward, ‘you are too fast, wait and I will tell you all.’

‘Do then,’ said Mary, ‘and let me know the worst.’

As these words were uttered, a shadow passed before their eyes. Each looked up with surprise, and the dog who had lain quietly by the side of the young friends during the foregoing conversation, bounded from his resting place, and gave a low impatient growl. As the dog started, Edward thought he perceived a figure dart into a thick grove of bushes which skirted the river. The dog was on the point of rushing forward, when he was seized by his young master, who bade him be quiet. At length he resumed his usual calmness, and sunk again into his place, when the maid spoke:

‘Who or what can wish to intrude upon our interview?’

‘It was nothing,’ resumed the young man, ‘except the imagination of the mind, or perhaps a cloud passing over the face of the moon.’



But to resume our conversation. You must know Mary, a few months since, a young man, a friend of mine, residing farther down the river, was taken prisoner by the Indians, and detained many weeks among them, not a chance offering for him to escape. At length, however, he was detected in endeavoring to escape, and was immediately doomed to the stake. He was bound hand and foot for several days, until at length the day arrived that was to separate him from all he held most dear. The day came, and he was led trembling to the place of death.

Before carrying him to the stake, his feet had been unbound that he might be able to walk to the burning pile. As he came near, he felt the cords give way which bound his hands. In an instant he jumped from the grasp of his tormentors, and wresting a war-club from the nearest warrior, felled him to the ground, and then with the strength of a demon, he broke his way through the crowd of innumerable warriors which were formed around him, and escaped. Such a desperate and sudden escape paralyzed for a moment every person, and before they could recover their self-possession, he was some ways distant. Quick as they regained their scattered senses, they started in pursuit, and headed by their intrepid chief, Mneomi, or the Eagle Eye, they flew after their victim with almost winged speed. They proceeded many hundred rods, the Indians neither gaining nor losing ground upon the unfortunate man. Soon, however, it was visible that the Indians were gaining rapidly upon my friend. Being fatigued and breathless, he was upon the point of sinking down, when he perceived some of his pursuers began to fail in strength, which gave him new courage, and observing a thick wood near by, he ran towards it with all speed, in hopes to reach it ere he should be overtaken; but before he had gained the outskirts of the woods, he turned around and beheld the chief of the tribe, the one who had planned his death, the savage and bloody Mneomi, within a few rods of him. He sprang forward, but all was in vain, before he could obtain the covert of the wood, he was clasped in the arms of the swarthy savage. Both overcome by fatigue fell heavily to the ground. Not a moment was to be lost, and as the Indian was about to plunge the deadly knife in his bosom, he wrested it from him, and with giant strength drove it to the hilt in the body of the savage, and then mustering all his remaining strength, flew to the woods, and ere his savage pursuers had time to advance to the assistance of their chief, he was safely concealed from sight. As the Indians conveyed their senseless chief to their wigwams, many



were the vows of revenge uttered by their enraged warriors. After a long while the wounded chief, who had for many days remained upon the verge of death, revived from his lethargy and regained his former strength, and but last night, sought out the lovely cottage of my friend, and captured his beloved wife and child, who are now probably doomed to a fearful death, and this night I start, accompanied by the husband, Charley Hale, and a company of brave fellows, in pursuit, to deliver, if possible, these dear friends from the hands of their merciless captors. And now will this answer for my dejected countenance? But I must leave you now, Mary, trusting in the God of the innocent to guide me in this hour of trial.'

'O no, Edward,' exclaimed Mary, 'you must not leave me, and your dear mother, you must not go; you can accomplish nothing against so formidable a foe.'

'It may perhaps be so,' returned Edward, 'but I must try. Trust in Providence and all will yet be well. I had almost determined to leave without your knowledge, but your anxious feelings and desires led me to unfold to you my secret, and now I must bid you farewell, and I will leave with you our old friend Brave, who will cheer you up in your lonely moments. And now, Mary, farewell,' exclaimed Edward, and embracing the fainting girl he tore himself away. 'God bless you, Mary, and should the fates decree that I should never——'

Here he ended, for the powerful emotions of his breast forbid farther utterance, and casting one farewell glance at the pale countenance of the maiden, and to his faithful dog, he flew to the river. and was soon moving swiftly to the opposite shore. The dog followed with his eyes, the retreating form of his master, as long as he could see, and then turned his attention to the almost senseless maiden, who upon recovering her self-possession, clasped the old dog affectionately in her arms. Long did she watch the little boat till it reached the opposite shore, when the retreating figure of her lover was lost in the distance, and then with a slow step and a melancholy heart, she commenced retracing her footsteps home, in which walk she was gallantly preceded by the dog.

When she had nearly reached her house, and just before she had emerged from the thicket before mentioned, she was startled by a sudden growl from the dog, when on looking up, she beheld a tall gaunt figure immediately before her. Upon seeing it, she was bound to the spot. In an instant, and before she had time to discern the outline of the figure, it had vanished from sight, and the dog had with a bound



disappeared in the woods in pursuit. When she had recovered from the fright she had so unexpectedly been thrown into, by this frightful sight, she flew to the house, and sought her chamber nearly overcome by the spectacle, and many were the conjectures raised as she sank upon her pillow. At length overcome by the grief and fright she had experienced within the last few hours, she found relief in sleep. Many times, however, during the night did she wake, imagining herself in the arms of the painted savage, and then again would she dream of wandering hand in hand with him she held most dear, until being overpowered by the many different emotions, she slept sound, and undisturbed, and as the sun rose in beauty in the morning, it found her in a sweet and pleasant sleep.



## CHAPTER II.

IN beginning a new chapter, we will briefly describe the personages before mentioned. Edward Mitchell was born in England. His father was once among the first citizens of the kingdom, but through misfortune and the fickle mind of a king, he fell from his station, and was obliged to collect together the scattered remnants of his fortune, and move with his wife and son to the new continent. At this time Edward was fifteen years of age, happy and cheerful as are the birds of a spring morning, when all nature sings its beautiful songs of harmony and peace. On his arrival at the continent, he was soon initiated into the manners and customs of the people of the new country. It was here he became acquainted with Mary Forrest, who was at this time twelve years of age, and her mild and pleasant countenance contrasted well with the generous and open-hearted spirit of Edward, and as they wandered through the forest, and along the banks of the beautiful stream, they formed that attachment which is only to be broken off by death. Mary's parents had been inhabitants of the continent for many years, and Mary being born there, she had been brought up in wood as it were, and beneath the outward garb of beauty rested a frank and noble mind. At last overcome by his misfortunes, the father of Edward was gathered to that place from whence no traveler returns, and Edward was left at the early age of eighteen years to support his mother. Three years after the death of his father, our tale commences. One glance more however to the dog which we have before noticed.



Suffice it to say that he was sent over the waters to Edward by an uncle, and after remaining in the family a long time, enjoying their sports, and participating in their sorrows, he became an indispensable part of the little circle, or at least he was so considered by every member of the family. But I will not trespass upon the patience of my readers, but will resume my narrative. On Edwards arrival at his friends house, he heard with surprise that the leader of the gang had that morning been seen in a neighboring thicket, but on being observed, he immediately vanished from sight, and was seen no more.—Search had been made within many miles, scouts had been sent in every direction, but as yet nothing more had been seen or heard of the daring savage. Every one sent out had returned, with the exception of one, that one the husband of the unfortunate woman taken prisoner. He the most shrewd, and cunning of the company, still remained absent. Measures were immediately taken by Edward Mitchell who had by an unanimous voice been proclaimed leader of the party, to ferret out the mysterious movements of the savages. After arrangements had been completed, and all were nearly ready to start in pursuit, Charley Hale, the one who had been a long while out in search, and the one for whom the rest were anxiously waiting, returned stating that he had discovered the trail of the enemy. In an instant every gun was firmly clasped, and a loud ‘huzza’ burst from every lip. After the first acclamation of joy had subsided, Edward Mitchell advanced before the company and said:

‘Friends, you are all aware of the object of our meeting, and you are also aware that to secure our object we must without farther delay commence our labors. It is evident the foe are travelling to the north to secure a safer and better retreat. I would advise that we separate ourselves into two parties, the one to go north with me, up the river, the other to advance in the same direction, but bearing farther to the west.’

This proposition was acceded to by every one, and a suggestion was made who should assume the command of the other party. Soon Charley Hale was whispered, every ear caught the welcome sound, and the old forest rang with the united and swelling sound of ‘Charley Hale! Three cheers for Charley!’

The two parties now separated, the one led by Edward Mitchell up the river, while the other preceded by the determined Charley, directed their steps farther west, both to advance in the same direction, viz: north. The day was somewhat advanced ere they left their homes in pursuit, and as they left every man was determined to rescue the wife



and child of their friend Charley, or perish in the attempt. Each one now pursued their respective routes, and before the sun had reached the centre of the heavens, many a thicket had been explored, and many a hill climbed in quest of the foe, and while they are pursuing the enemy with increased vigilance, we will turn our attention to another part of our story.

When Mary awoke the morning after her interview with Edward, the first thought that entered her mind was the event of the past night. She arose quickly and sought for the dog which had followed the mysterious figure the preceding evening, when upon looking around her, she beheld him a short distance off, apparently in the last agonies of death. She flew to him and conveyed him to the cottage, where the utmost care was taken of him, and through the kind attention of Mary, he was soon restored to consciousness. It was to be seen that the dog had had a fearful encounter with some person or thing he had followed into the woods, and in the affray he had received a wound in the head. He soon revived however, and by his pleasant and sparkling eye seemed to thank his kind mistress for all the care she had bestowed upon him. Mary now gave her father a minute description of all that had taken place the night before, and also informed him of the departure of Edward Mitchell. The old man was much astonished at the appearance of the figure to Mary, but told his daughter that it could be nothing else save the imagination of her wandering senses. But Mary knew too well that it was real, and as her father was of a feeble constitution, and nearly confined to the house, she formed the heroic resolution of going herself and examining the woods and if possible clearing up the mystery which seemed to hang over her head. Without mentioning her object to her father, she carefully possessed herself of the old family musket and glided softly from the house. Having travelled a short distance, she perceived a person advancing rapidly towards her. The first impulse she received was to fly to the house, but it was impossible, for the person would overtake her before she could reach it, and she concluded to wait patiently the result. But what was her astonishment when the person came near, she found it was the negro, the favorite domestic of the old gentleman.

‘God bless you, missus Mary,’ exclaimed the black, nearly out of breath. ‘God bless you, but—O—I’ve seen—the Devil, missus.’

At first the attitude of the negro seemed to frighten her, but upon



his finishing this sentence, her fear changed to an immoderate fit of laughter.

‘You may laugh, missus, but it be de truth, and de debil’s truth, if it was not. O—what a—devil of a tail he hab,’ cried the negro almost dead with fright, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his cheek seemed to look pale through its coal black covering.

‘Well Pete, I am now going in search of this very same devil, will you accompany me and help me punish him for frightening you so?’

For a moment the negro seemed to be in doubt whether to go or not, but he thought with so valiant a leader as Mary there could be no danger, so he answered in the affirmative.

‘Yes, Pete follow missus Mary any where she please to go; but Pete hope she wont please to go far in the woods; but if she does, Pete will follow; but if she wont go, I am really ’fraid my Massa wants me,—hark, seem uf I hear um call,—I ’bleve I did,—I must go ’mediately.’

‘Very well, if you are afraid to go with me, you can return to the house,’ exclaimed Mary.

‘No, me not afraid to go, I guess he no call de nigger. I will go wid you, but Pete hope missus wont expose herself to any—’

‘You need not fear for me, but have you concluded to run the risk of following me to the woods?’

‘Yes,’ cried the negro, for he had screwed his courage up to the sticking point. ‘Yes, me go wid you and be he de devil, or de debil’s angels, me not ’fraid of dem,’ and he hauled from his pocket a knife which although the edge had nearly found its way to the back, yet it still resembled a knife, and the wooden handle, together with the wooden rivet fashioned by Peter made it withall quite a desirable weapon for him in this extremity. Elevating it above his head and giving it some wonderful cut and thrust motions in the air, he vented his courage in the following eloquent strain:

‘Furrah! Furrah! Now for cutting off de devil’s head, down wid de debil, up wid missus Mary. Furrah! Furrah! and de debil take de luck,’ cried he, for in his excitement, he minded not the construction of the words, but vented them just as they came to his mouth.

‘There, that will answer Peter,’ said Mary, ‘if you can manage to keep your courage with you, there will be no danger, but I fear it will all leave you at the moment you enter the woods.’

The negro immediately followed the steps of the girl and said no



more, for he felt that what Mary had said relative to his courage was too true. They approached the woods and proceeded some ways into the interior before any thing transpired to arrest their attention, the negro being very careful not to get very far in advance of Mary, and at every noise would take particular care to fall in the rear. After searching for some time they heard a noise which caused even the heroic Mary to shrink with fear. Soon an object was seen to move the bushes, and presently from a thick grove of underwood, a huge panther was seen to advance with slow and measured pace, when seeing Mary and the negro, he commenced a fierce growl, which would have driven the senses from almost any girl but Mary Forrest. But not so with her, for she knew that her safety and perhaps her life depended upon her courage, and grasping firmly in her hands the musket, she coolly waited the movements of the terrible animal. After tearing the ground with his claws, and making the woods resound with his yells, he gathered himself for the fatal spring. The negro now becoming much frightened by the fierce and savage growls of the beast, uttered a cry of horror which immediately drew its attention from Mary to himself. One terrific scream from the terrible beast, one groan from the unfortunate black, and his senseless and inanimate form was firmly clutched in the claws of the panther. After handling him in a somewhat rough manner, he hurled him with mighty force against a tree, and turned his attention to the girl, and with a scream more terrible, if possible, than the rest, sprang upon Mary, but ere he had fairly cleared the ground, a flash was seen, the sharp crack of the rifle and the whizzing of the bullet was heard, and the terrible beast lay lifeless at the feet of Mary. Having satisfied herself that life was extinct, she turned her attention to the negro who was vainly endeavoring to rise. She ran to assist him, and as she did so, she heard another noise which again caught her attention, upon looking around, powers of mercy! what did she behold? There in all his savage coolness, stood the terror of the Connecticut, the brave and daring Mneomi. She instantly raised her empty gun to defend herself, but it was useless, ere she could bring her weapon to bear against him, she was enshrouded in the gigantic embrace of the savage.

‘Hah!’ exclaimed the Indian in a tone which more resembled a voice from the lower regions than that of a human being, ‘the pale face at last rests in the arms of the red man, and never shall she recline in the embrace of the white man again. For the blood which thy lover’s friend caused to flow from these veins, cries for revenge.—’



Thy lover is now in pursuit, but I will elude his efforts and cause him more bitterly to denounce the *Eagle Eye*. Yes, my heart cries for revenge and never will the revenge of Mneomi be satisfied till the blood of the wife and the betrothed shall rise from the burning pile and float serenely on the breeze to the red man's God.'

'Will the red man slay the maiden who has always befriended his people?' said Mary, collecting all the courage she possessed.

'Does the tribe of Mneomi need protection, are they not the most powerful on the Connecticut? Yes, the Great Spirit protects them, and he it is who calls for revenge. Yes, the ground where the blood was spilt cries *revenge*,—the oaks through which Mneomi roves, cry *revenge*,—his blood rises from the earth and in solemn and death-like whispers calls for *revenge*,—and ere the great day-star shall have twice again repeated its course, the ashes of the pale face maiden shall rest beneath the *mound*.'

He gave a shrill whistle and immediately four savage looking warriors, a pattern of their chief, rushed in from the bushes.

'Conduct this maiden,' said he, 'to the camp of the red man, and let not a hair of her head be injured until the Eagle Eye commands,' and he strode haughtily away. His command was instantly obeyed, and the trembling girl was hurried away. The Indian walked proudly away and as he vanished from sight he again burst forth in acclamations of joy:

'Now my aim is attained, no one is aware of my intention, and before the husband and lover shall know their loss, their dearest friends shall slumber in the grave. O thou Great Spirit! permit thy son to strengthen his revenge by meeting with the husband and lover. May he meet them hand to hand and face to face, and may his battle axe drink deeply of their hearts' blood.'

As he uttered the last sentence, a shriek reached his ear. He sprang quickly forward, and in a moment learned the cause of it. Mary, overcome by grief and fatigue, was sinking to the ground, when she received a blow from one of the Indians which felled her senseless to the earth.

'Show me the dastardly red man who is guilty of this outrage,' cried Mneomi, while fire flashed from his piercing eye.

'Innocent!' exclaimed three in a breath.

In an instant the Indian was on his knees begging for mercy; but it was too late, the deed had been done, and an arrow from the uner-



ring bow of Mneomi pierced his heart, and he fell a lifeless corpse.

(See Engraving.)

'So perishes the unfaithful warrior;' said Mneomi, 'his body lies there, but his spirit is in the region of darkness. The command of the Eagle Eye has been disobeyed, and the arrow of Mneomi has punished the affront. Let the command again be issued, carry that maiden to the camp, let her be restored to reason, and let the least violence be done her, and again shall Mneomi's arrow tell.'



### CHAPTER III.

THE two little parties of friends toiled on with unabated ardor until the sun had nearly passed from sight in the western horizon, before anything occurred worthy of mention. At last the party commanded by Edward Mitchell, and the one which had gone up the river, came upon a trail which appeared to be fresh and new. Edward now commanded them to use the utmost caution, as it was necessary to ensure them success. They now proceeded for some time cautiously forward, sometimes on their feet and sometimes the underwood so intervening as to oblige them to creep upon their hands and knees. They toiled on in this way until it was quite dark, and the thick, heavy clouds which overcast the heavens gave them very faint hopes of a pleasant evening. It had now become quite dark, and as they were plodding along, they knew hardly where, Edward thought he perceived a light, but far in the distance.

‘Now,’ said he, ‘let every man grasp firmly his weapon, and await in silence while I shall go and reconnoitre.’

All noise was now hushed, and Edward, taking with him two of his companions, proceeded forward in the direction of the light. They had gone but a short distance when they heard a footstep near them. Upon looking around, they beheld an Indian creeping stealthily forward. It was evident he had been sent by his chief to ascertain whether his enemies were in pursuit, but by the careless way in which he moved they were perfectly well assured that they had not been discovered, so still and careful had been all their movements.



‘O, the red devil,’ said one of Edward’s men, and he cast a meaning look to Edward and raised his gun to his shoulder, but the expression of Edward’s face, and the glance he gave in return, caused him immediately to lower it to his side. They followed the Indian carefully along, and soon they distinctly saw their fires. There were the Indians leisurely and carelessly stretching themselves before the fire, to enjoy a refreshing sleep after their weary journey, and as they supposed, with none to molest, having been assured by their scout that all was well, and that no enemy were in pursuit.

Seeing the position of the savages, his attention was next turned to see whether or not he could discover any movements relative to the prisoners, the unfortunate wife and child. He searched with his eye, every bush, place and object which could give him any information, but he could not perceive the least sign that indicated their presence. He gave up his search and was returning, when a rustling was heard, and scarcely three rods from where he and his companions stood, the leaves parted, and conducted by two savage looking Indians were the wife and child of his friend, Charley Hale. The first impulse he received was to rush forward and tear them from their savage conductors; but a second thought taught him better, for he knew it would be almost madness to attempt the thing. Therefore, he watched with silent anxiety further proceedings from the enemy. They led, or rather carried their unfortunate victims to a place near one of their fires. There she was permitted to sit down, but was bound with strips of bark firmly to a small hickory tree, and then stirring the fires, laid themselves carelessly down by the side of their companions. The head of the female sank sadly upon her bosom, and gazing upon the sweet and innocent cherub which lay sleeping in her lap, the emotions of her heart were too deep to conceal, and the tears of grief and sorrow flowed profusely down her pale, yet beautiful cheeks. Such a sight as this was too much for the tender and affectionate heart of Edward, and turning away in tears, he returned with his companions in silence to the party. For a while, grief seemed to predominate over every other feeling they possessed, but Edward soon aroused them for the onset.

‘Now is the time,’ said he, ‘to strike the decisive blow, and liberate our friends; our only safeguard is courage; let us rally then, in all our native strength, sound the war-cry of the *yankees*, and never may we retire until our aim be attained. Let us persevere in our object; let our weapons drink the heart’s blood of our savage foes, and while



life lasts, never may we release them until the wife and child of our friend shall rest in his embrace !'

They drank deeply of the words Edward uttered, and the instant they were finished they were prepared for the attack. They advanced slowly and carefully upon their adversaries, and so still and silent had been their movements that their enemy was not aware of their approach.

Not a movement was made by them for an attack, until within a few rods of the Indians. After they came to the spot designated by Edward, they came to a dead stop ; not a noise was heard. The Indians lay transfixed in a deep sleep ; all was still as the house of death, till the flash of many rifles lit up the woods, and the ring of the discharge went booming on the air like the sound of distant thunder. The savages aroused from their slumbers by this well directed act were thrown into utter confusion, and before they could collect themselves sufficiently to return the fire, another discharge from the gallant little band sent many of their braves to their long homes. But the savages were soon organized, and nothing was heard save the whizzing of the arrows and the crack of the rifles, as they flew through the woods. The Indians were now gathering in great numbers from the woods, and the whites saw with dismay, that they consisted of ten times as many warriors as they supposed.

The Indians were now fast gaining the ascendancy, and the gallant party were fast retreating before the swarming herds of savages. But the determined courage of Edward could not be prevailed upon to relinquish his object. He rushed forward, shouted with all the madness of despair, and urging them on, prayed them not to yield. The men, seeing Edward's feelings, formed themselves once more, and rushed on again to the attack. They received and returned the enemy's fire with undaunted perseverance, until they were completely overpowered by the immense number of their antagonists. They fled in great disorder through the woods, closely pursued by the Indians, while the shrill war-whoop reverberated heavily through the forest. They were some ways before they were allowed a moment's time to see their forlorn and helpless condition ; it was but for a moment, for the savages rushed on again with renewed vigor.

Hark, another noise is heard ! A scream is heard. 'To the rescue ! To the rescue !' The tramp of many footsteps are heard upon the leaves ; the bushes quickly part, and Charley Hale and his valiant companions rush swiftly from the bushes. They had arrived just in



time to save the remnant of Edward's scattered band; but a moment elapsed before the woods again resounded with the howling of the savages, and voices of the two commanders as they urged their men on to the contest; soon the cheering sound 'they run! they run!' sounded in the air, and the Indians were seen flying in every direction.

'Now for the rescue,' said Charley.

'Now for saving the wife and child of our friend!' cried Edward, and the woods resounded with the loud shouts of the triumphant whites.

They followed the Indians with increased vigilance, for their object was nearly accomplished. The persons for which they had so anxiously sought were close at hand, and would soon be released, to gladden again the happy homes. The Indians were now flying faster than they had before pursued, and the little band was soon at their camps; the red men now rushed hurriedly past, but the whites pursued no farther, for the sweet beings of their search were there. Edward ran, accompanied by Charley, to the place where the captives were bound, and were upon the point of loosing the bands which bound the helpless sufferers, when a giant form rushed from the covert of the trees, and with a war club prostrated the two men to the ground, seized the captives, and before the rest of the men could reach the place, he had vanished, with his victims, from sight.

The two young men were already on their feet, being stunned only for a moment by the shock, but they were too late, the Indian was gone. What vows of revenge burst from the lips of the frantic father as he beheld his wife and child again torn from his embrace. He invoked the Almighty's aid, and with streaming eyes upturned to Heaven, swore eternal vengeance upon Mneomi and his cursed tribe. Words cannot express his anguish as he again saw his all torn from him. He screamed, tore his hair, and in the agonies of despair prayed his breath might be taken from him. All at once, however, he became calm, and with eyes starting from their swollen sockets, looked round upon his trusty followers. In a moment his features lighted up, his face resumed all its wonted familiar expression, and sinking upon his knees, he exclaimed:

'Oh God! forgive the first vain wish of a bereaved man. Oh, forgive the words spoken in despair. No, I do not wish to die; may I yet have life granted me; may I yet endure, to pursue to death this relentless foe. May my body never rest, my mind know no comfort till



the blood of Mneomi shall smoke from the ground, and the bosom of Nature be freed from the tread of so vile a being.'

Charley soon grew more calm, and they commenced forming new plans for the recovery of the captives. After consulting awhile, it was agreed that they should remain where they then were through the night to refresh themselves, and take care of those who had been so unfortunate as to be wounded in the battle. After gathering the wounded together, and making them comfortable, they began to prepare their evening meal. Their own provision being nearly gone, they found, by search, that the enemy had left a large quantity, which was now a very desirable addition to their little stock. When their refreshments were nearly ready, a footstep was heard in the neighboring thicket, which started every man to his feet. Edward, who with one other young fellow was reclining on the ground near the place from whence the noise proceeded, sprang to his feet and was about to seize his rifle, but before it was in his grasp, a huge animal burst from the bushes, and ere he could avail himself of aid, bounded furiously upon him. His friend seized his knife from his girdle, and raising it on high, was about to plunge it to the heart of the beast, but before the knife had reached its destination, it was thrust aside by the arm of Edward, and it flew into the neighboring bushes; he threw his arms around the body of the animal, and he clasped in his embrace the beautiful form of his faithful old dog, Brave.

'Oh Brave,' exclaimed Edward, 'why are you here?'

The dog instantly crouched at his master's feet, and his joy seemed to turn to the deepest sorrow. He looked up into his master's face and by the earnest expression of his eyes, gave him to understand that all was not right.

'What can be the matter,' said Edward, 'surely something is wrong.'

He looked again at the dog, and he slowly raised himself from the ground, and moved quickly off to the woods. He soon returned conducting a young man, and bringing up the rear was a personage we have before noticed in this narration, namely, Black Pete, who had returned from the woods, on that eventful day, bearing but a few scratches which were given him by the panther, and covered with mud and glory.

'Henry Mason,' cried Edward, as he rushed forward and grasped the hand of the new comer.

But soon his joy was changed to sorrow, for Henry brought news of



the capture of Mary Forrest. In a moment the face of Edward turned to an ashy paleness, and wringing his hands he cried :

‘O Heaven, does the fiend desire another victim to satisfy his revenge? Would to God I could myself suffer for these innocent victims. But the Almighty will work all things for the best, he will call ere long the savage to retribution for his damnable crimes. O, Father, nerve my arm for the battle, and grant that before my eyes be again closed in slumber, the earthly body of Mneomi shall lie bleaching in the noonday sun.’

Edward could hardly content himself to remain until morning ; but he was persuaded by his companions to stay, as the heavens were overcast with thick, heavy clouds, and nothing was heard save the thunder as it rolled sullenly in the distance, and the hoarse howling of the wild beasts as they roamed the gloomy forest. At the first appearance of morn, they were ready to march in pursuit. Edward commissioned the negro to assist the wounded to return towards their homes, while himself and his company were off at break of day, determined, that ere the sun had again traversed its daily journey, they would free the innocent captives in the power of the Indians.

Brave also commenced his journey, not towards home, but by keeping proudly by the side of his master. Entreaties were made by Edward to the dog, to induce him to return ; but he was inexorable, for he seemed to know his own business best, and for once in the course of many years was he allowed to disobey.



the capture of Mary Forrest. In a moment the face of Edward turned to a deadly paleness, and wringing his hands he cried: 'O Heaven, does the hand desire another victim to satisfy his revenge? Would to God I could myself suffer for these innocent victims. But the Almighty will work all things for the best, he will call ere long the savage to retribution for his damnable crimes. O Father, nerve my arm for the battle, and grant that before my eyes be again closed in slumber, the earthly body of Mneomi shall lie bleaching in the boundless sun.'

Edward could hardly content himself to remain until morning; but he was persuaded by his companions to stay, as the heavens were overcast with thick, heavy clouds, and nothing was heard save the thunder as it rolled solemnly in the distance, and the hoarse howling of the wild beasts as they roamed the gloomy forest. At the first ap-

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE sun had nearly reached the meridian of noon, when Mary Forrest recovered her senses after being struck by the brutal savage.—She found herself in the camp of the savages, and guarded by six men who appeared to be all there was belonging to this party. The instant she was sufficiently recovered to form an idea of what was going on around her, she looked for Mneomi, but he was not there, she searched every face of her captors to see if she could not discern a look of pity from some one, but she sought in vain, their faces all bore the same uniform savage expression. Soon one more person was seen advancing to join the party, as he approached, the person of Mary trembled as do the poplar leaves when the night breeze glides slowly through them, and surely she was not to be blamed, for few, very few were the young men of the valley who could withstand the glance of that piercing eye. It was Mneomi just returned from his walk in the woods.—As he came near he saw Mary's eyes were bent sadly upon the ground. For a moment he ceased his inward cogitations, and seemed to be gazing at the symmetrical form and beautiful features of the girl. The sparkling black eye, the red cheek looking so fresh and beautiful, the rich curly black hair as it fell loosely upon the shoulders of Mary, seemed to rouse in him a passion which he had never before experienced.

'Mneomi's people may now leave their chief for a short time, but before the shining sun shall centre in the heavens, the followers of the Eagle Eye must again be prepared to journey after their tribe, who have ere this, ascended a long distance up the valley of the Quonnec-ticut.'



The Indians now left, and were soon hidden in the distant shrubbery, and Mneomi with a savage triumph beaming upon his brow, approached the shrinking maiden. Seeing that the thongs were bound tightly around the wrist of the girl, he drew a knife from his girdle and gently severed them apart.

‘Does the red man require the life of the pale faced girl,’ said Mary; ‘will he never again permit the daughter of the white man to behold her father and mother, will he never again allow her to visit the home of her childhood, to wander amid the flowers of summer, and rest herself beneath the wide spreading oak, and to hearken to the sweet carol of the birds as they skip merrily from bough to bough?’

‘The word of Mneomi has passed, and the word of Mneomi can never be recalled. The white man pierced the bosom of the Indian with his own knife, the lover of the pale face girl unites with him to slay the red man, and the wife and the betrothed must suffer. They must die with the eye of Mneomi resting upon them in the agonies of death.’

‘Never, while the hands of Mary Forrest are at liberty,’ cried the girl, and seizing a knife from the girdle of the savage, was upon the point of driving it to her heart, when he snatched it from her grasp.

‘Nay, the pale face can never die by her own hand, she must perish by the decision of our warriors. But would the maiden change her situation, would she relinquish her friends and the cowardly lover who seeks her hand, to become the bride of the Eagle Eye?’

The girl answered not, for so completely were her feelings worked upon, that she thought of nothing else save the situation she was in.—The Indian mistaking her silence for acquiescence in his plans, proceeded on, and soon Mary perceived the drift of his artful speech.

‘The pale faced maiden will be tormented on the burning pile, sooner than become the bride of the hated red man,’ said Mary, while a smile of contempt lit up her beautiful eye.

‘*Beware!*’ exclaimed the Indian coolly, placing his finger upon his lip; ‘thou knowest not the spirit of the red man.’

‘I know what thou hast just assured me of, that I must die, and more than that thou canst never inflict.’—‘Let the maiden for a moment contrast the difference between dying upon the burning pile, and being the red man’s bride. Picture his home, his bride shall have servants to wait upon her, through the long day, and each and every one of



the tribe of the Eagle Eye shall worship the wife of their most high chief. Again, imagine the flames as they rise from the blazing pile pervading the air, and you feel nothing but its heated and scorching rays while it rises and tears piece by piece from thy body, until it leaves nothing but thy ashes to waste away in the Autumn breeze.— Hast thou decided? See the arms of the red man are open to receive thee,' said the savage approaching the girl.

'Villain, keep thy distance,' cried she, and with a grasp quicker than lightning, seized the tomahawk from the Indian's hands, 'although I am in thy power, yet never shall my person be polluted by thy un-earthly touch, never while the breath of Mary Forrest remains, shall you accomplish your hellish purpose. One step farther, seek once more to lay hands upon me, and I will bury the tomahawk in thy brains.'

'Hah!' exclaimed the Indian, 'does the maiden think to baffle the designs of the savage, if that is thy intention, banish it from thy mind, and seek no more to terrify the Eagle Eye. No, thou must abide the decree of Mneomi. He it is who now speaks, and when Mneomi speaks who dares to disobey? Does not the panther, as he catches the eye of the red man's chief, slink sullenly away? And the bear, as he sees the glistening of Mneomi's arrow, crouch silently down? And even the warriors of Mneomi, do they dare disobey? No. Full well they know that death would meet them in the face. Yes, the white squaw shall now become the Indian's bride, and——'

'One step more and you die!' said Mary, as the savage stepped towards her.

'Think not to intimidate me; the red man's arms shall yet encircle thee and bear thee to his home.'

As he said this he sprang forward towards the girl. In an instant the tomahawk was in the air; but the savage was on the alert, and he succeeded in jumping safely from under it.

'By all the powers of darkness,' cried he, 'you shall die.' And seizing his knife he rushed forward to plunge it to her heart; but ere he had given the fatal blow, a thought seemed to strike him and the weapon which had been lifted to drink the heart's blood of the girl, sank slowly and steadily to his side.

'It will do no credit,' said he, 'to the name of Mneomi, to slay thee. No, that must not be, you must accompany the red man to the death-stake instead of his wigwam—'



‘A thing which I very much prefer,’ said Mary, as she rudely threw the weapon away with which she had so bravely defended her honor. ‘I would sooner be torn piece by piece from the burning pile, than to be the wife of so miserable a being as thou art.’

‘Hah! sayest thou so? Well so it shall be. Thanks be to the Great Spirit for inventing so sweet a revenge. Yes, thou has said it, and when to-morrow’s sun is sinking to rest beneath the western horizon, thy own sentence shall be executed. Yes, one by one shall the warriors of the Eagle Eye tear thy limbs from thy body, while, sweetly singing, the hissing flames shall rise and curl around thy burning carcass, and the air shall resound with the sweet mingling of thy dying groans!’

The blood of Mary ran cold, and her frame trembled; but she did not shrink, a sweet voice seemed to whisper in her ear, saying cheer up, put thy trust in the Lord, and all will yet be well. The Indian gave a shrill scream, and in a moment the before mentioned savages stood before him.

‘Prepare for the march,’ cried he, ‘the shining orb has already attained its resting place in the sky, and ere it fades from sight, we must overtake the rest of our braves. Let the pale-face be conveyed swiftly and carefully forward, and let not a word be spoken, or a glance exchanged, until our journey be completed.’ He then left them and they proceeded silently on, conveying their disheartened prisoner. For nearly five hours did they pursue their dreary way before they came upon the trail of the other party, they having taken a circuitous route from the river. About half past five the fearful Indian chief again made his appearance and bade them hurry forward, as other tracks than those of their companions, had been observed on the leaves, proceeding on in the same direction.

O, how the heart of Mary bounded within her, as she heard this piece of intelligence.

‘Yes,’ said she to herself, ‘it is, it must be Edward. I shall be rescued,—I am safe.’

‘Let not the pale faced maiden rejoice, for now the lover too will suffer, he can never escape. Yes, the eye of Mneomi, like the great American Eagle as it soars on high at noonday and seeks carefully for his victim, shall wander through the forest, and the white man shall wither beneath his glance. Yes, and before to-morrow’s sun shall sink calmly in the West, the lover and his betrothed shall render up their souls to the Great Spirit.’



Mary trembled as she thought of the dangerous situation in which herself and her lover were placed; but summoning all her courage, and putting her trust in the God of Mercies, she succeeded in calming the emotions which so deeply affected her. It was soon dark, and they were fast approaching the other party of warriors, but in a far different situation than what is expected by the savage chief. Soon they came in sight of the fires; but instead of finding the Indians reposing their wearied limbs before them, he found them flying before the victorious white men; instead of having, as he supposed, a safe hiding place for all his victims, he found the exulting Edward already unbinding the cords which fastened two of them, while he had brought the other within the power of the whites. But in an instant his revolving mind invented a remedy. Ordering his men immediately to retire to the neighboring thicket with their prisoner, he himself, assisted by nothing else but his undaunted courage, formed the desperate idea of snatching the prisoners from their grasp, and rushing immediately forward, he succeeded in effecting his object in the manner before mentioned. He conveyed his captives triumphantly to the thicket and gave them to his men, declaring his tomahawk should pierce their brains should they again relinquish their prize. Feelings better than words would describe the agonizing thoughts of the wife and mother, as she again beheld her husband and again was snatched so suddenly from his arms. She prayed to be liberated and with tears streaming down her pale cheeks besought the chief in the most heart stirring cries to release her from her distressed situation. For a moment the rigid features of Mneomi seemed to relax their savage expression, for the person of the beautiful woman upon her knees seemed to awaken pity in his breast. Alas! It was but for a moment.

‘No,’ cried he, ‘the red man’s wrongs can never be redressed but with the blood of the wife and child of his hated foe. No, you must die, and that before another day shall have passed away. Let them be borne swiftly forward,’ cried he and with a quick turn upon his heel he vanished again from sight. Through the rest of the night did the weakened band of Mneomi travel, and when morning came, they lighted up a fire, and seated themselves to enjoy a few moments rest, for the flight of the preceding night, and the incessant toil which they had just experienced in fleeing from their enemy, had nearly subdued their usual savage aspect. When they were quietly seated, the Indian chief again made his appearance and spoke: ‘Brave’s, the white men



are again on the track now, and it depends upon your speed to escape the danger ; thousands of steps must be taken before you reach the rest of the Eagle's tribe, but the thing can be accomplished if the trial be made, and then before the eyes of my faithful tribe of warriors shall the blood of these victims rise like sweet incense to the skies, and the pale faced coward shall return in sorrow to his desolate home. How sayest thou, will the work be done ?

‘It will,’ cried they, ‘our feet shall not again rest until we are in and under the protection of our braves. After partaking of a hasty meal, they again made preparations for their march, and when noon came, it found them hurriedly pursuing their way to the North to meet the rest of the warriors. But although the whites had remained still during the night, yet they had diligently improved the time lost by the Indians in the morning, and they were now fast gaining ground of their adversary. They well knew the danger they were approaching but the anguish of the bereaved father and the heart-stricken lover seemed to nerve every arm firmly for the work, and they toiled incessantly forward, determined to rescue the prisoners or die in the attempt. It was about three o'clock as Edward was walking silently and sadly on in advance of the party, he was aroused from his reverie by a noise near by, and a voice saying :

‘The Eagle Eye is abroad, let the white coward beware.’

He looked quickly up, and there directly before him stood Mneomi. He instantly brought his rifle to his eye, and quick as thought it discharged itself, but through his haste to despatch his victim, the rifle missed its intended mark, and the savage with a look which thrilled every nerve, darted forward in the woods, and was instantly hidden from view.

How bitterly did Edward denounce the faithfulness of his rifle, but he was soon cool enough to know the reason of the failure. Nothing can describe the actions of ‘Brave’ as he saw the Indian ; he raved, tore the earth, and had it not been for the persuasions of his master, he would have yielded his life for the privilege of following the Indian, for his actions showed that for some time past he had been somewhat acquainted with this mysterious personage.

‘Be quiet, Brave ! Be quiet, we will yet have our revenge,’ cried Edward, and for the first time in the agonizing trial, did the tears flow freely down his manly cheeks. They now walked on in silence, but the sparkling eye and the quick tread of every one, spoke the laborious task their hearts were undergoing. They were now swiftly



gaining upon their foe, and they were in hopes of being able to reach them before they could obtain assistance. But they were too late.— About 5 o'clock the savage band had reached the encampment of their warriors. But news were ready to greet the ears of Mneomi which little suited the mood he was then in. Nearly all of the warriors had left in the morning upon a hunting excursion, and had not yet returned. How savagely did Mneomi curse his departed warriors, and swore that the leaders should suffer the worst of deaths.

'Let us immediately prepare for enjoying the sweet fruits of all our toil, let the faggots be brought, for the revenge of the Eagle Eyed Mneomi will now be accomplished,' and fixing his fiend-like eyes upon his prisoners, seemed feasting his greedy gaze upon the picture.— Mary saw that the time had now arrived that was to separate her from those she held most dear.

'O God,' she cried, 'protect my parents, and grant that the playmate of my earlier——' sobs choked her utterance, her head sank feebly down upon her bosom, and she drowned her grief in a flood of unremitting tears. The wife of Charley was nearly overpowered and looking upon her sweet babe calmly sleeping in her lap, overcome by the fatigue its little limbs had experienced through the day, she seemed to forget her own situation in that of her lovely boy. She sank upon her knees before the unrelenting savage, and prayed him to take her own life, but besought him with all the eloquence of a mother's tears to spare her child.

'O spare him,' cried she, 'burn my own body, but in the name of the Great Spirit you worship, in the name of Heaven, save, O save my child from death,' and she sank exhausted before his eyes. He gazed with the utmost composure upon the heart-rending sight, and then raising himself up in all his majesty, spoke while the spirit of revenge and hatred lighted up his hideous visage :

'Yes, I will save thy child, and when the father arrives, he shall have the satisfaction of seeing Mneomi knife separate his head from his body. Thus and thus only shall the father clasp to his bosom his infant child.'

'O, God forbid,' cried the mother, and she sank senseless to the ground.

Mneomi commanded her instantly to be raised and restored to reason, and ordered the faggots to be arranged immediately for the execution. In the meantime, the little band of trusty followers were rapidly approaching; but they had yet some distance to go ere



they could reach their hated enemy ; but they thought of the danger of the prisoners, and hope made them strong, and they pushed forward with increased vigor. Meanwhile, the Indians were busy adjusting the funeral pile ; the dry sticks were concisely laid, and soon all was ready for the binding of the prisoners to the stake, and they were now brought forward and firmly bound to the pile. But their fading senses were so nearly gone that they scarcely saw their situation.

‘ Be quick,’ said Mneomi, ‘ for the Eagle Eye is impatient to enjoy his revenge. On braves, why do you linger ? On with the torch, quick, or Mneomi’s arrow shall drink thy own blood,’ cried the uneasy chief.

Alas ! where are the friends of the sentenced ? They are but a short distance off ; they rush on with renewed speed. But ah ! make haste, or you will be too late ; quick, or the spirits of your friends will have fled to that region from whence they will never return. The Indian is now lighting the deadly torch ; he stops to raise the flame by swinging it in the air, he does so, and it descends to light the dreadful pile.

‘ Now for the red man’s revenge,’ shrieked Mneomi, and the whirling torch again descended to its work ; it now reaches it ; but hark, what is that—it is the crack of a rifle—one shriek is heard from the Indian, his torch flies through the air, and he falls to the ground a ghastly corpse.

‘ Mneomi’s death, our friends rescue !’ sounded in a breath ; the Indians started, and beheld the little company of their gallant pursuers upon them. They left their prisoners, and now having the savage Mneomi at their head, they fought like tigers for their prey. Now comes the trial of strength ; now the battle rages, and fighting face to face stands the pursuer and the pursued. The Indians sound the shrill war-whoop, and rush on. The white men, although wearied much by fatigue, stand firmly the charge. The hated objects of their united and persevering pursuit now stand before their eyes. But they are nearly overcome by the long march they have just experienced, while the Indians are aided by a small number of fresh warriors ; but nevertheless they fight manfully and fearlessly, for they are determined to conquer ; but the Indians sustain the same mind also, of the whites. Alas ! the little company are seen to give slowly away before the red men. No sooner is it observed by the Indians, than they rush forward more impetuous than ever, and the whites yield before their des.



perate pursuers, who quickly follow them. Edward starts between them and cries:

‘In the name of God, do not desist; on my brave fellows, on to the charge!’

They again quickened every nerve, and the Indians fled in their turn before the victorious whites; all was now confusion, and to appearance, the battle soon must end, as both parties were nearly overcome by fatigue. But still they fought on, and many were the Indians that fell by the leaden bullets of their foe, and had it not been for their intrepid chief, Mneomi, they would have surely been vanquished before the brave and determined charges of the white men; but he was at their head, and they still fought on.

Many times were the weary white men upon the point of yielding to the savages, when their heroic commanders would urge them on anew to the battle, and in the bitter anguish of their hearts pray their men to withstand the trial. At length the Indians gave way again, and despite the hoarse commands of Mneomi, fled before their enraged victors. It was now a moment of life or death, and the wearied and broken down white men were nearly ready to sink with fatigue. It was a moment of intense feeling; scarcely a word was uttered by either commander, so engaged were they in the work of death. At last the determined perseverance of the whites came off victorious, and the Indians gradually diminished before their brave and determined fire. They were yet some distance from the encampment of the Indians, but they were already fast approaching the place where the prisoners were bound.

Charley Hale led them firmly on, but where was Edward? probably fighting nobly some where, mused Charley; but he was not to be seen, and Mneomi, he too was missing from the head of the warriors. But his thoughts were too much engaged in his object to think of any other thing than the release of the prisoners. The Indians are still flying before them—they rush to their camps—the Indians all rush past with the exception of two—those two simultaneously rushed forward for the prisoners. One was far in advance of the other, and after the two, followed Charley Hale.

The foremost one reached the victims—he stopped and looking coolly back, said:

‘The burning pile was robbed of its burden, but the Indian’s tomahawk shall do the work!’ He raised his weapon, but ere it had descen-



ded to its fatal work, a bullet from the rifle of Charley sent him to his long home.

Charley was now near the other warrior, but he too, seemed intent upon the death of the prisoners. He rushed forward to accomplish his work; but he never reached the goal, for the breech of Charley's musket cut his head in twain. Now every obstacle was overcome, and the almost crazy father ran forward, and seizing his knife, cut the cords that bound its victims.

In an instant the wife and child of his bosom were folded in his arms. The Indians had entirely vanished from sight, and the remnant of the gallant little band was hastening to receive the thanks of the rescued. They found the wife and child of Charley folded in his embrace, but there sat the lovely Mary still firmly bound upon the pile. They immediately released her; but where was Edward? They all looked up in an instant.

'Oh God!' cried Mary, and pointing her finger to the sight, sank senseless upon the ground. There, about fifty rods distant, were the two deadly enemies, Edward Mitchell and the blood-thirsty Mneomi fighting face to face. In a moment every one was on the way to assist him; but alas! they are too late. Already is the robust body of the Indian upon the bosom of Edward. He draws his knife from his bosom, red with the blood of other victims, and disregarding the advance of the whites, (for he well knew they could not reach him before it was too late) gently lifting it above his head, he exclaimed:

'Now is the red man's revenge complete. Look down, thou Great Spirit, and see the reward of Mneomi's labors; his aim is attained; his mind is at rest, and his revenge is sa——'

Satiated, he would have said, his arm was swiftly descending to the work, some thing rushed powerfully against him and drove it so far one side as to send the dagger he had aimed at Edward's heart, to its very hilt in the soft earth. A piercing shriek was heard—the savage heaved a deep and heavy groan—the blood gushed in torrents from his throat—Edward sprang to his feet; but what a sight! From the mouth of his faithful and trusty old dog Brave, hung streaming with gore the wind pipe of the Eagle Eyed Mneomi. Yes, there lay his body, but his spirit had winged its flight to the God who gave it, and his body would soon return to the dust from whence it came. Another shriek and Mary rushed into her lover's arms. Her heart was too full for utterance, and she could only testify her joy by the streaming eyes and heaving bosom. Soon Edward broke the silence:



'My friends, we have accomplished our aim, we have been victorious beyond our utmost expectations, and may God reward you as you deserve.' The stifled sigh was hushed, and 'Praise God,' burst from every lip.

The wounded were gathered together, and they proceeded joyfully on their way home, and as they again met on the next day, at their neighborhood, not an eye was dry, and from every tongue burst, 'Truly, O God, thy ways are wonderful, but thou forsakest not the works of thy hand in the chilling hours of adversity.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Six years had past away after the commencement of our story, when upon a day, a traveler was seen journeying along through the valley of the Connecticut. Stopping in a beautiful little grove of chestnut to rest for a few moments his wearied limbs, and allowing his horse to enjoy the same luxury, he saw through the bushes two handsome little cottages, and near them, diligently at work in a garden, a negro, while by his side stood a little boy, about the age of six or seven years, prattling in all his boyish innocence. The stranger, smitten by the sweet looks of things around him, lost no time in riding to where the negro was at work.

'Can you tell me the history of these families?' said he to the negro.

The negro looked surprised for a moment, but soon he exclaimed:

'Wull, Pete can't tell de gemman, but me guess dey habn't got no such ting, for any rate Pete neber see no such ting on de farm, den me will ask massa.'

'No, you mistake my meaning,' and seeing that the negro's wit was not very expansive, he asked him: 'Can you tell me who lives here?'

'Why sar, bless you, who should live here on dis farm but my Massa Edward and Missus Mary? and massa's friend live dar,—dis his boy.

'And has your master no children?' asked the stranger.

'Bless you, yes. But where de debil—what has 'come de gal, too? Ah dare she be; she be de best gal de nigger eber had;' and he gave a loud laugh which made the valley ring. As he spoke he pointed to a little tree, and under it lay the most beautiful picture eyes ever beheld. A little girl, to appearance about the age of three or four years, wrapped in a sound and quiet sleep. Little ringlets of her glossy,



curly hair lay over her shoulders; her cheeks wore the bright hues of health and beauty. Her left hand lay carelessly by her side, and clasped in her tiny fingers is a fresh boquet of flowers. Her right arm rests over our old former friend Brave; who although time has greatly altered his appearance, yet he still remains to enliven the happy circle. On his neck is a silver collar on which is engraved, 'The Father's savior and the Mother's friend.'

The stranger gazed a long time at the hoppy sight around him, and when he left he exclaimed, while tears filled his eye :

'O may Trouble be a stranger and Grief be never known.'



# THE BATSON COTTAGE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

WE present our readers with some extracts from the dairy of Miss Clementine Chelbourne, a young lady of sixteen, who with her mother had been spending a summer month at the principal hotel in a large and pleasant village, celebrated for the salubrity of the air, and the beauty and fertility of its surrounding country. The diary is addressed to a young friend in a distant place; the writer faithfully fulfilling her promise of noting down every thing as it occurred.

It is true, my dearest Lucinda, that we have excellent accommodations at this hotel, and very good society. Many genteel people from different places are spending the summer at Laureltown, which its inhabitants have not yet begun to designate as a city. Mamma is very happy here, and thinks of remaining till it is time for us to go to New York, and meet papa on his return from Europe, and settle down in our Philadelphia home till next summer. For my part, I have nothing to complain of at Laureltown but the entire absence of rural-ity. Hitherto all our summer excursions have been to fashionable watering-places and handsome villas; so I have seen nothing of rustic life, and am really pining to find myself the inmate of a cottage—not a *cottage ornee* with parlors, and dining-rooms and breakfast-rooms, and boudoirs and conservatories, (such as we read of in English novels,) but a genuine *chaumiere a la paysan*. You know how I delight in



the perusal of rural tales and rural poetry, (even to the oldest pastorals,) and how convinced I am that cottages are the places where 'all the virtues most do congregate.' Only think, I am sixteen years of age, and have never yet passed an hour under a thatched roof. Mamma says I have very little chance of ever doing so in America. Well, I will not be too particular about the roof; and a shingled one would suffice if it were tolerably mossy, and a little broken, so as to be picturesque. I have been trying for a week past to persuade mamma to let us take boarding in some 'sheltered nook' somewhere in the most sequestered part of the adjacent country; and she has almost promised to gratify me. Remembering always that she once was young herself, and (as my aunts tell me) rather imaginative, with quite as much fancy as judgment, my dearest mamma is a pattern of indulgence to the follies (if indeed they are so) of her only and affectionate daughter. I am perfectly certain that she is right; for I should not be half so affectionate if she was always checking and chiding, and contradicting and disappointing me, and regarding every little *etourderie* as if it was to have awful consequences, and give a coloring to my whole future character. Now I have lived long enough in the world to know (in spite of all the moral and instructive tales prepared for young people as true pictures of real life) that there are thousands of happenings without any consequences at all, and that every little thing *does not* lead to some great thing; and that our daily history is *not* like a complicated machine, all wheel within wheel. You see, dear Lucinda, how I can philosophize. Some day I may come out a genius. And that will prove the truth of my new theory that there is no judging of the end from the beginning. But I am called off—mamma has just sent for me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Joy, joy, dearest Lucinda! My kindest of mothers (who never forgets that she was once a foolish girl herself) has commissioned our worthy host to inquire among the country people that supply marketing, if he can obtain board in some small, quiet, rural 'mansion of peace' within a few miles of Laureltown. And Mr. Kingman (good, disinterested person) has just come up to say that he has found us a place. In a retired spot quite off the high road, there lives a widow, with a grown up niece, a daughter that is a little girl, and a son who is in his twentieth year. When her husband was living they occupied a good-sized stone house; but after his death, as her son was then a little boy, she concluded to rent the farm, and live upon the rent, till



the youth was old enough to take charge of it. And they removed to a small house in the neighborhood of the farm, a mere cottage with only one acre of ground. I wonder how large an acre looks when you see it.

This negotiation had been going on for two days, without my knowledge; by way of giving me an agreeable surprise if it succeeded, and preventing my disappointment if it did not. And yesterday afternoon when I was out angling with the Wilfords, mamma took a ride with Mr. Kindman to the place, and saw it; and this morning the bargain was concluded, and the cottagers apprised that they might expect us to-morrow.

There was some difficulty about the terms, which Mr. Kindman told mamma were quite too high. Pity that the vile dross called money should always be mixed into all our pleasures. How charming it would be could we go there as friends; they receiving us at once into their hearts with open arms, and welcoming us beneath their hospitable roof. And then in return (for we like to be generous) we might present them with a silver vase (such as they could use for a tea-pot) with a complimentary inscription, which I should delight in writing myself.

I inquired about the young people who are now to be my companions. Mamma had only seen the orphan niece whose name I find is Mary. I am glad it is nothing worse. I could never have reconciled myself to Rachel or Hannah. Common as Mary is, it seems to be approved by the poets. I am sorry to understand that the people of our country (at least the white people) have no pastoral names among them, such as Phillis, Chloe, Damon and Colin. Alas! we have no shepherds in America. None, at least, that pass their lives on verdant banks, beneath the shade of spreading trees, twining their crooks and their hair with garlands of flowers. Papa says there are no such shepherds anywhere. He has told us of the first shepherd he saw in England, a clumsy, red-faced old man dressed in a coarse brown jacket, a dirty gray waistcoat, corduroy knee-breeches, leather gaiters, and hob-nailed shoes; and that he was knitting blue yarn stockings instead of wreathing roses; and he had no crook at all, but only a thick club of a stick, and an ugly big dog.

Well, we will give up shepherds. I do not suppose any of our American countrymen could be content to sit all day and watch sheep. There must be some other way for *our* sheep-keeping. To be sure, if Yankees would be shepherds, they might whittle sticks all the time.



I feel pre-disposed to love this youthful Mary. I have questioned mamma about her, but she is not very communicative; wishing, as usual, to give me an agreeable surprise. I learn, however, that Mary is a blonde. I wish I was one. I have always regretted my dark hair and eyes. Still it is customary in novels and pictures for two fair friends or two loving sisters to be of opposite complexions. One of them is dark-haired and energetic; the other light-haired and mild. And yet, Lucinda, do you not recollect that Ella Roseby, the worst imp in school, had flaxen locks and sky-blue eyes.

I like to imagine this cottage-Mary as one of those lovely things with fawn-like steps; and hearts welling-up in fountains of sweetness; and rosy smiles; and ringing laughs and peach-bloom cheeks; and golden hair gushing down their swan-like necks; and dewy, violet eyes, or else large strange ones. Well—well—I shall know her to-morrow.

I must lay down my pen, and commence the direful task of packing for removal. Oh, this 'worky-day world.'

\* \* \* \* \*

I was up this morning two hours before the first bell, to accustom myself to rising with the earliest blush of dawn, as soon as I commence life in a cottage. I looked out of my window, and saw the Jumperville stage start from the door of the hotel; and the grocer's boy opposite, opening the shop-windows. Then the shoemaker opened his, and then the tailor. Why must there be shoemakers? Why tailors? I know they are necessary evils. But then their trades are so unpicturesque. They spoil the beauties of the rising day. Finding nothing to do when up (my packing having been finished last evening) I went to bed again. But as I was too much excited to sleep, I re-rose; and early as it was, commenced what are truly called the labors of the toilet. Fortunately in the cottage the simplest costume will suffice.—'Robes loosely flowing, hair as free.'

\* \* \* \* \*

We went to breakfast; and sat down (the last time I hope till next summer) to a long long table set out with tea and coffee, and steaks and sausages, and oysters and omelets, and hot rolls. To-morrow morning I expect to banquet on honey and fruit and cream, (the cream-bowl decked with flowers,) and little delicious cakes of some sort, white as if made of snow.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have arrived at the cottage—the cottage of the Batson family.



I am now sitting in my own room, and as the weather is too warm to do anything else, I will take the interval between this and dinner-time to proceed with my journal. You will like to know my first impressions; but I flatter myself that first impressions are often deceptive.—*Nous verrons.*

The cottage is very small. But so a *real* cottage ought to be. Its height is one story and a half. Its tint is of a quiet dark-brown diversified with blackish streaks. The boards of which it is constructed, have never been disguised by gaudy paint. I stipulated with mamma that we were not to have a white cottage—a glaring thing with green door and green shutters. The roof is very sloping; and continues to slope till it becomes also a roof for the front porch. I did not see much moss about it; but a blanket was sunning upon it; and a bolster and pillow lay out of the garret window. The porch roof is supported by four pillars (commonly called posts) with a hop-vine running over them. I would rather it was an eglantine, or a woodbine, or a jessamine. Hops are doubtless useful; but the leaves are so tattery, and dusty-looking, and the blossoms so remind one of beer. The windows of the cottage are few and far between, and differ very much in size and shape. This is rather an advantage, for if regular, they might look too stiff. I wish, however, they were lattices with diamond-shaped panes, like the cottages in drawing-books and satin-pieces.—But I fear such windows are not to be expected in America, any more than straw-roofs. A strange thing protruded out from one side of the house (the side at which was the kitchen chimney.) It looked like the small domes in the panorama of Jerusalem. I found it to be a clay oven. I must tell you that the front of the cottage is shaded by a large mulberry tree (think of Shakspeare), and that a stream runs behind it. The garden is at one side, and the rest of the domain is a weedy yard with a chicken coop and a pump. I wish the pump was a well; or still rather a spring gushing from a rock. I had promised myself the delight of drawing water from the spring; but there is no pleasure in pumping.

As we approached the cottage, we saw glimpses of several persons gliding about; but when we stopped at the door there was not a human being to be seen. We alighted from the carriage. Our driver deposited our baggage in the porch, mamma paid him, and he drove off. We then entered the dwelling of rural felicity. I had read of cottages where 'green rushes were strewed on the floor,' but here we found that species of domestic carpet vulgarly called a rag-rug. There were



not even rush-chairs; but six tall narrow red-painted wooden ones. The window was not curtained with roses, but with green and yellow wall-paper. Near it hung a colored print representing a man in a black cap, and a blue coat with red cuffs, galloping violently on a reddish horse, over a verdigris ground. The inscription beneath was 'Jersey Blue.'

Presently there came and took her seat in a hard, high, painful looking, entire-wooden rocking chair, a thin, sun-parched little girl, about nine or ten years old, dressed in a tight, narrow, brown silk frock, (I fear it was made out of an old skirt,) trimmed with a scanty flounce. This dress made her look very hot, for it was high in the neck, and had long tight sleeves. Beneath it appeared pantalettes of large-cross-barred white muslin, frilled with the same, very much blued and starched stiff. Round her neck was pinned a dingy, many-colored plaid silk handkerchief. Her yellow hair was platted very hard and strong, and tied about with a faded blue gauze ribbon. Stretching out both hands so as to rest them on the arms of the chair, she commenced rocking with all her might; stedfastly gazing at us in silence. She had really very large eyes, but I could not decide on their expression.

'What is your name, my dear?' said I.

'You know, dear Lucinda, I am generally amiable to children.

'Sally Ann Batson,' was the reply.

'Will you be my little friend?' said I, approaching her.

'Yes, if you'll give me three levies and a fip,' replied the child.

'Why that sum exactly?' inquired mamma, with a smile.

'Because it will buy me some artificials for my bonnet, just like Susan Brown's.'

'Would not fresh, blooming flowers,' said I, 'be more becoming to rural innocence?'

'Is it me that you call a rural innocent?' said Miss Sally Ann Batson.

'That's talking as if I were a baby.'

'Would you not prefer beautiful real flowers,' said I.

'No—not if you mean righty-dighty flowers. I wouldn't be seen with such things in my bonnet. No, no—artificials is all the go. And three levies and a fip will buy me just such a bunch as Susan Brown's. They have them down at the store.'

I immediately took out my purse, and gave her a half-dollar. Instead of flying to me wild with gratitude, and devouring my hand with kisses, she reached out for the money without leaving her seat.



‘I see you’ve plenty more in your purse,’ said she—‘I’d like you to give me a quarter-dollar besides, to buy a finger ring. They have beautiful ones at the store, all shiny like gold, with a sort of big bright diamonds in them, as red as fire.’

‘Will a quarter of a dollar make you really very happy?’ said I, giving her one.

‘Only middling. I cannot be *very* happy without a pair of white kid gloves to wear when I go to church.’

What a rapacious little thing! I began to be disappointed in the cottage child; and mamma made a sign for me to give her nothing more.

Just then appeared our hostess, Mrs. Batson, dressed in the ugliest mousseline de laine I ever saw, and a cap overloaded with coarse cotton lace, and red-lilac gauze ribbon. She is a tall, thin, bony woman—very faded, but perhaps more through work than age. I thought there was a peculiar expression in her eyes, but I cannot now say of what sort. I shall study her character. I think it is communicative; for she immediately told us (what we knew before) that she had been left a widow with two children (having lost seven), and that finding the farm too much for a lone woman to manage, she had rented it out to David Wheatley till her son Stephen came of age, and that its owner in the meantime was working with David Wheatley, and learning farming, so as to be ready to take his own place when he was twenty-one, as David was then going to move out west. So meanwhile, she and her family lived here upon her rent; and had besides, their own garden-truck, and pigs, and chickens; and also a cow that picked up a good living along the road-side and in the woods. With all a mother’s laudable pride, Mrs. Batson then proceeded to inform us that Stephen was counted very likely, (meaning that he was considered handsome) and that it was thought he might have his pick of all the girls in the neighborhood.

‘Next, Mrs. Baston informed us that she had living with her an orphan niece named Mary Brent, who being her sister’s daughter, she had brought her up; and that Mary was a very useful girl, helping with all the housework; so that Sally Ann, being weakly, could be spared doing anything. I felt sorry to hear that Mary helped with the housework; the idea is not agreeable. Her hands cannot possibly be white and delicate.

Mamma then proposed adjourning to our rooms, and then expressed



a desire to have our baggage carried up, as it still remained in the porch.

‘We han’t got no man or boy about the house,’ said Mrs. Batson. ‘I forgot to tell you when we were bargaining, that I keep no help—that is, no hired help. Stephen stays mostly at Dave Wheatley’s. If he was here he’d take up your things for you in a minute. Sally Ann dear, won’t you step over to black Jack’s, and tell him to come here, and carry up some trunks for these women. There’s a family of free niggers living just back of the lot,’ she continued in explanation, ‘and we can get any of them to come and do jobs whenever we are at a none-plush.’

Sally Ann, after some hesitation, departed, and in a short time returned with black Jack, who carried up the baggage for us, and mamma paid him liberally. He was very thankful, pulled his front hair, scraped his foot, and said: ‘I give you great applause, ma’am. The ladies will please to ’member that whenever they want’s anything fotched or carried, or any arrants gone, I’m the man what they’re to look up to.’

Mamma went to her room, and Sally Ann followed me into mine; and stood over me while I was unpacking my chief trunk; inspecting its contents, and asking me all sorts of questions about them. I had to recollect that this must be perfectly natural in an unsophisticated child, brought up in a cottage, particularly when she combed her front hair with my dressing comb, and was proceeding to rub her teeth with my tooth brush, which I luckily snatched from her before it was too late.

‘What’s the matter?’ she exclaimed indignantly. ‘What harm shall I do to your tooth brush?’

I then explained to her that a tooth brush could be only used by one person.

‘Well, if ever I heard the like,’ said she.

‘I began to fear that this cottage child might be too unsophisticated; and yet I have a misgiving that in some things she is very cunning.’

‘Oh, what a pretty fan,’ said she, taking up my last new one, and flirting it open. ‘It looks quite scrumptious when I fan with it. I expect it’s the one you carry to church. Won’t you make me a present of it?’

‘I think a plainer one would be more suitable to a little girl like you,’ replied I.

‘Oh, not a bit! I hate plain things. Let me keep this!’ and fan-



ning herself violently, she broke it at the important place where fans always break. 'There,' said she, laying it down, 'I don't want it now. Broken fans an't no use.'

I was much vexed—particularly as the fan was a very elegant one, and given to me by my dear Aunt Millington, on my last birth-day. I wish I had left it in town.

'Don't look so cross,' said Sally Ann. 'I'll be bound you've plenty of money to buy another. Oh! what a pretty ribbon—and what a pretty bow to it. It will just do for me'—twining it round her very perspiring neck. 'You'll give it to me, won't you? You know you said you wanted me to be your friend.'

I gave her the ribbon and tried to think her excusable.

After she had fingered everything she saw me unpack, and asked for several more articles that she fancied, (to which requests I made no reply) I summoned courage to say to her—'Now, my dear Sally Ann, will you oblige me by going down stairs. I wish to be alone till dinner-time.'

'La! wouldn't you rather have me to keep you company? I hate to be alone.'

'No,' I replied, 'I am going to write.'

'Who are you going to write to?'

'Never mind—I really wish you to leave me.'

'I'll go, if you'll promise to let me read the letter before you send it off. I've had plenty of schooling, and I can read writing very well, if it's writ plain. I always like to read people's letters, and so does *mumma*,' (what a word for mamma or mother!)

I now began to lose all patience. 'Sally Ann,' said I, 'I must insist on being alone.'

'So then,' said she,—'you think my room's better than my company.'

'Go down,' I replied in a peremptory tone.

She then flung out of the room, and ran down stairs. As the doors were all open, I heard her say to her mother—'Mumma, one of the strange women (the *young* woman) has been aggravating me. She han't got a bit of manners. She won't let me stay in her room. And she's mean besides; for she wouldn't give me nothing but this ribbon.'

'Her mother's answer was in a suppressed voice, so that I could not distinguish the words, but I did not at all like the tone; and warm as my room is, I went and shut the door.



‘I must lay down my pen, for I hear Mrs. Batson calling from the foot of the stairs—‘Come down to dinner, will you?’

\* \* \* \* \*

*Entre nous*, Lucinda, the dinner was anything but inviting, and not at all like the cottage fare I had read of. There was a dish of fried pork floating in fat, and another of what our hostess called ‘frizzled beef.’ These viands were too much alike, and neither of them looked tempting. There were some tough, ill-drained greenish beans; and some very purple beets.

‘Our potatoes isn’t fit to dig yet,’ said Mrs. Batson. ‘They were planted late; and it’s a great waste to take them up small. So we mostly do without potatoes in the summer time, when we’ve plenty of other truck.’

The dinner introduced us to her niece, Mary. Now Mary is really a very mild, gentle-looking girl with a white skin and auburn hair. I looked at her hands, and found them truly large and red—poor thing. Lucinda, let us in future be skeptical as to the lily hands of cottage girls. She partly sat at table, and partly waited on it; wiping knives and forks when they were to be changed; and when it was wanted, cutting thin slices of bread from off a loaf that was brown to be sure, but rather sour than sweet.

‘I never has my dinner-bread cut aforehand,’ said Mrs. Batson, ‘because all that’s cut mightn’t be ate; and that would be a waste: and it’s wicked to waste bread—or take more of anything than we can eat.’

Tumblers seemed scarce, and Sally Ann and her mother drank out of the same, replenished from a brown pitcher that stood on the table. After the meat was dispatched, Mary brought in a dish of old yellow boiled corn, at the sight of which, Sally Ann testified much joy; and Mrs. Batson was greatly surprised when mamma and I declined eating any.

‘Not eat corn?’ she exclaimed. ‘Well, if ever I heard the like! Why, where could you have been raised? I had a great lot of it boiled, thinking you’d make the chief of your dinner off it.’

‘Never mind mumma,’ said Sally Ann, ‘there’ll be more for them that likes it.’

The corn was smoking hot, so as to burn fingers and mouths. Each of the family took an ear, and after a slight buttering began to blow it to make it a little cooler. And Sally Ann seized two more ears in advance, and plunged them into the pitcher of water, addressing them



with—‘There now, do you stay there and get cool by the time I’m ready for you.’

Of course we drank no more water. I never saw anything eaten with such apparent enjoyment as this unwholesome corn. Even the quiet Mary opened her lips and said—‘I love corn.’

‘As for me,’ said Sally Ann, ‘I could munch it from morning till night. I always have the biggest heap of cobs on *my* plate by the time dinner is over.’

The repast finished with a very sour apple-pie baked in a very tough crust, and a small pitcher of very blue milk to eat with it.

‘I have always heard,’ said Mrs. Batson, ‘that townspeople think a great deal of pie and milk when they get into the country.’

Lucinda, I have not described my room to you. The ceiling of course is ‘villanous low.’ It is a very small apartment, with only one window; the sash propped up with an old hearth-brush that must have belonged to the parlor, for there is no chimneys in the chambers. This window is shaded (or rather *unshaded*) by a muslin curtain, so thin that it does no manner of good. To be sure the bed is not of straw. On the contrary it is of feathers, and looks distressingly soft for a summer couch. And there is a heavy patch-work quilt that I shall certainly remove before I seek the sweet oblivion of repose. I intend to set up very late to make the night shorter, for I mistrust its agreeability. There is no closet or press; so after partially unpacking, I had to put my things into an ill-made bureau, whose draws will neither open nor shut—at least, not without Herculean exertion. I think I shall have to hire black Jack to stay here and attend this bureau.

Mamma’s room is no better than mine. She makes not the smallest comment on any of these *disagremens*. I suppose for fear of discouraging me.

\* \* \* \* \*

We were summoned to tea. I know not whether the tea was black or *oærls* in, for it had neither taste nor color. There was no ‘cream bowl duly set.’ The cream was in a little jug that held about a gill, and Mrs. Batson doled it out in drops, as if she was dropping medicine. There were some tough short cakes baked white, a plate of white cheese, and a saucer of black things that I afterwards found were quartered quinces. Mamma and I tried to pretend to eat and drink, but found it severe work. Towards the close of the repast, Mrs. Batson said to us—‘And now, good folks, if you’ve done with your sassers, just hand them to me, and I’ll wash them off in the slop



bowl and give you some preserves on them. Mary, get me a cloth to wipe with.'

Mary rose, and produced a towel; the saucers were washed and wiped, and two bits of quince were served out on each. The 'preserves' were so hard as to be scarcely eatable or indeed biteable, and very sour beside.

When tea was over, we went out and walked round the domain, and sat in the porch. I picked up some of the mulberries that strewed the ground beneath the great tree; looking as they did, like short red worms. But I did not admire their taste more than their looks. Now that I have had experience in mulberries, I wish Shakspeare had planted a better sort of tree.

I tried to enter into conversation with Mary, but could get nothing out of her. It may be timidity, and perhaps will wear off. I will hope for the best.

It was scarcely twilight when Mrs. Baston informed us that it was time for all good people to be in bed; and that in summer evenings she never lighted no candle down stairs, as it brought in the musquitoes.

'Mary'—said she—'I suppose these women are pretty tired, and I am sure all the rest of us is. Sally Ann's been asleep in the rocking-chair this half hour. So get a candle to light them to bed. The mother can use the candle first, and the daughter can wait till *she* has done with it, and then take it in her own room; and she'll please to set it out at her door before she gets into bed, and then you can have it.'

A small thin, yellowish candle standing loosely in the large socket of a tall iron candlestick was to do all this duty. I looked imploringly at mamma, so that she said—'Mrs. Batson, I will thank you to let us have a second candle. My daughter must at once have a light to herself.'

'Well—if ever!' exclaimed Mrs. Batson. 'It's terrible to see how girls is indulged now. Go, Mary—if it must be so, get another candle for *the young lady*. I suppose a small bit will do.'

By that bit of candle I am writing to my dear Lucinda. It is now sinking and flickering in the socket. But the moon has risen, and by her silver light, that shines directly in at my window, I can see to prepare for bed. There is after all something sweet and mild in going to bed by moonlight.

\* \* \* \* \*



It is now morning, and gladly have I welcomed the first beams of dawn light, for I slept but little. I took off the patchwork quilt. I detest all patchwork, even that which is called ornamental and covers fashionable chairs. I found my apprehensions of the feather bed being too soft, were not realized. For the feathers were so few, that as soon as compressed by my lying down, the bed sank flat into little more than a sewed-up ticking, through which I felt the sacking-bottom and the cords and wooden pins. The bolster and pillow also sunk flat in the same manner.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have been at breakfast, Alas! for the anticipated cream, and fruit, and honey. We had a drab-colored liquid miscalled coffee, sweetened with grayish-brown sugar, a salt mackerel, (which was untouched except by the family,) a plate of green cucumber pickles that we willingly left to Sally Ann and Mary, and a violently salt and smoky Indian cake; with the remains of the brownish loaf to be cut as it was wanted.

I never supposed, Lucinda, that I should become fastidious about my food; or is it that I have never before experienced the annoyance of being expected to eat things that were uninviting and unpalatable? It is evident that people who are 'to the manner born,' have no perception of ill-tasted victuals—at least in their own houses.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three days have now dragged slowly on, and I candidly acknowledge to my dear Lucinda that I have grown quite tired of life in a cottage—at least in a Batson cottage. Sally Ann follows me about everywhere, and teazes me for all manner of things. There is no offence in Mary, the ever silent Mary. But mild and gentle as she looks, I saw her yesterday chasing a fowl all about the yard, till she had fairly run it down; and when she caught it, she brought it to the back door, laid its head on the stone that serves for a step, and Sally Ann brought her a knife and stood by laughing while Mary cut off the head of the poor squawking, fluttering bird. I covered my eyes with my hands, but I *know* she cut it off. Though it was the only fowl that had been on the table since we came here, I could not touch it at dinner.



Stephen I did not see till yesterday evening, when he came home to make a short visit. He had rather a handsome face, but is very awkward, and has a sort of clownish conceit about him that is unprepossessing. Mary and he sat a long time together on the bench at the far end of the porch. To my utter surprise I found that the quiet Mary, when Stephen was with her, could talk fast enough. But oh! so foolishly!

It is true that when I am in company with Stanford Lenox I always find myself more loquacious than usual; but I take care to talk my very best. Poor Mary—the best she can say, is rather worse than nothing. Yet Stephen seems to like it. I prophesy a match. I have no desire, however, to stay here to see.

\* \* \* \* \*

Joy! joy! my darling Lucinda. Mamma has just been into my room to ask me if I have had quite enough of the present specimen of cottage life. 'Quite'—was my reply; and I gladly assured her that I was perfectly willing (nay, very anxious) to return to our hotel at Laureltown. Anticipating this, she had already sent for a conveyance thither; and I shall immediately proceed to packing up as fast as possible.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Lucinda, we are again at Mr. Kindman's delightful establishment. Next week we go to meet papa. When the carriage set us down at the door, I ran up the steps as if treading on air. How charming to find ourselves again in handsome rooms, with plenty of servants in attendance, and everything *comme il faut*.

'I hope you have had a pleasant time here'—said Mrs. Batson, after mamma had paid her for a full week, and at a price that would have been extravagant in a genteel and comfortable house. 'I did not know it was such a nice thing to take city people to board. Now I've begun, I shall stick to it. So if any of your friends should be coming this way, of course you'll give them a recommend to my house. Are you soon going back to town?'

'Next week'—replied mamma.

'Well then—I am going to town myself before the winter sets in, to take Sally Ann. So I guess we'll come and see you; and maybe



while we stay, we'll make our home with you. What's your direction?"

'We expect to remove to a new house, after papa comes home'—said I.

'Never mind'—said Sally Ann—'I guess we'll find you out wherever you be. Won't we, mumma?'

Is there never to be an end of the Batson cottage.

## THE END.







# JUST PUBLISHED,

—AT—

## GLEASON'S PUBLISHING HALL,

CORNER OF TREMONT & COURT STREETS, BOSTON;

S. FRENCH, 293 Broadway, N. York. A. WINCH, 116 Chestnut St. Philad.  
STRATTON & BARNARD, 121 Main Street, Cincinnati. D. JUNE,  
273 Main St., Buffalo. WM. TAYLOR, Jarvis' Building, North St.,  
Baltimore. FLETCHER & SELLERS, Rue Champs  
Elysees, New Orleans.

*The following Original Works :*

|                                                      | Price    | 25 Cents. |
|------------------------------------------------------|----------|-----------|
| THE SPANISH MUSKETEER. By Lieut. Murray.             | " 12 1-2 | "         |
| THE SUICIDE RESTORED. By B. Barker, Esq.             | " 12 1-2 | "         |
| CATHARINE CLAYTON. By Mrs. J. C. Campbell.           | " 25     | "         |
| THE DIAMOND NECKLACE. By Mrs. Stephens.              | " 12 1-2 | "         |
| THE ELDER SISTER. By Mrs. M. L. Sweetser.            | " 25     | "         |
| GRACE LOVELAND. By Miss Alice Cleveland.             | " 12 1-2 | "         |
| THERESA. By J. N. T. Tucker.                         | " 25     | "         |
| THE ALGERINE. By Harry Danforth.                     | " 12 1-2 | "         |
| NAVAL SCENES IN THE LAST WAR.                        | " 12 1-2 | "         |
| THE WIDOW'S BRIDAL. By B Barker Esq.                 | " 25     | "         |
| LUCY MORELY. By Miss Alice Cleveland.                | " 25     | "         |
| THE SPECTRE STEAMER.                                 | " 25     | "         |
| THE CHILD OF THE SEA. By Lieutenant Murray.          | " 25     | "         |
| THE MONK OF THE GROTTTO. From the French.            | " 12 1-2 | "         |
| ALPHONSO AND DALINDA.                                | " 25     | "         |
| LILIAS FANE, and other Tales. By Fanny Forrester.    | " 12 1-2 | "         |
| THE YOUNG REFUGEE. By Harry Hazel.                   | " 25     | "         |
| THE BANDITTI. By John Bird.                          | " 25     | "         |
| HUTOKA. By a Member of the Suffolk Bar.              | " 12 1-2 | "         |
| ANNIE ; the Orphan Girl of St. Mary. By Shortfellow. | " 25     | "         |
| CLARILDA. By Benjamin Barker, Esq.                   | " 12 1-2 | "         |
| THE PRINCE AND THE QUEEN. By Harry Hazel.            | " 25     | "         |
| THE MISER'S DAUGHTER. By Emily Appleton.             | " 12 1-2 | "         |
| MORNILVA. By Benjamin Barker, Esq.                   | " 12 1-2 | "         |
| FRANCIS ABBOTT. By the Author of Mettallak.          | " 25     | "         |
| ELLEN GRAFTON. By Benjamin Barker, Esq.              | " 25     | "         |
| FANNY CAMPBELL. By Lieutenant Murray.                | " 12 1-2 | "         |
| THE SLAVE OF THE MINE. By Mark Marvel.               | " 25     | "         |
| THE NAVAL OFFICER. By Lieutenant Murray.             | " 12 1-2 | "         |
| THE LAST OF THE VESTALS.                             | " 12 1-2 | "         |
| THE BURGLARS. By Harry Hazel.                        | " 12 1-2 | "         |
| EMILY ELWOOD. By Benjamin Barker, Esq.               | " 25     | "         |
| THE DWARF. By Benjamin Barker, Esq.                  | " 25     | "         |

Also—A great variety of other Publications.

Any person in the country who will enclose us \$1 in a letter and send it by mail, will receive 5 of any of the above large size Publications, the retail price of which is 25 cents each ; or, for the same sum, 10 of the second size, which retail at 12 1-2 cents each. The Books will be sent by mail, the postage being now very low.

All the above Publications may be obtained at any of the Periodical Depots, and of News Agents in any part of the United States and Canadas.

The trade will be furnished at a liberal Discount.

All orders will meet with prompt attention, at either of the above places.















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00014702799

